

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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PEACE

On a certain occasion an art contest was conducted by one who wished to look upon the best conception of Peace. Some very fine pictures were submitted. One artist painted a lakeside scene with the sun about to set in the west and the green woodlands round about portrayed in solemn quietude. Truly this was a picture of peace. Another painting depicted a rural scene. There was a cozy cottage nestled among the trees, and nearby was meadow land with cattle grazing in utter contentment. But pictures of this character did not gain the first place in the ranking. The prize winner was of a somewhat different cast. It showed contrasting elements, and thereby produced the most powerful effect.

Suppose we imagine that the painting stands right before us. Beneath a cloud-flecked sky and set in a landscape of green is a racing, raging cataract. Great cliffs far above have congested the waters, causing them to boil and leap and send the white spume flying high into the air. Then over a mighty ledge they plunge and are lost in a mist of foam. So wonderfully has the artist caught the spirit of the scene that one feels he is actually there. Ah, he says, what a picture of unrest, for there the torrent breaks into angry rapids. But, behold, there is something else. Far over the cataract stretches the limb of a great oak tree, and there tucked safely in the crevice of the branch is the nest of a little bird. The branch seems to sway in the breeze, and the swirling flood seems to shriek forth its defiance and menace of destruction; but the mother bird rests on her nest, quiet and unconcerned. She gives no thought to the foam-wreathed falls below her. She feels perfectly secure; she enjoys

peace and contentment above the turmoil.

Such was the picture that won the prize. But were the judges right? In what, indeed, lay the excellence of a production of this kind? In what way did it carry the mind of the beholder into a higher realm than the other works of art that had been submitted?

Our reply to the query is that the soul which is serving the real purpose of life has what may be termed a double environment. Around it are the daily scenes of the world's unrest. One brother at an extremely low salary is working long hours trying to support a large family. He knows not what day he will lose his job. One of his children is ill, which means additional expense, and some day there will be the doctor's bill to pay. It is not a pleasant prospect. A certain woman has just lost her husband and son through a fell disease. She has two little girls to support, and has to go out and do scrubbing in order to make ends meet. A young man has been ill for years with an incurable malady. Such things seem very trying and hard, but they are merely samples of human life on earth, and there are thousands of just such cases. For the Christian, however, there is another side to the picture, and that is the "nest" side. It is this side that makes the picture one of peace; and without it there would be no such condition for him who has taken his stand on the side of truth and of God.

The matter is very aptly stated by the Psalmist. In the 84th Psalm it is declared: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest

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for herself, where she may lay her young; even so have I found thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my king and my God."

The Christian finds his nesting place in the altars of the Lord just as the birds of the air know how to find their nesting places. In these altars, even the great places of sacrifice where he offers his heart's devotion, his praise, his thanksgiving, and his very life, the child of God finds peace in knowing that he belongs to One who is all-wise, all-powerful to defend, all-merciful, all-kind, and who never causes a needless tear to be shed, but traces out the pattern of each life committed to his charge with unerring skill.

The Psalmist goes on to say: "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them, who, passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. . . . For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

The foregoing excerpts from the Psalms are the heart's expression of one who fully trusts in the Lord and finds his peace in the joy that cometh from above. He knows that earthly sources of peace are not reliable. Riches may be the portion of a man one day and gone the next. So may earthly friends. So may worldly honor and fame. Many find their wealth slipping from them and know not which way to turn for consolation. Some would give much for the assurance that things will come out all right with them

in the end. Truly, as the prophet foretold, now is the time when "darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people." How different is the case with the Christian. His is a state of mind wherein he can find an abiding peace.

In setting forth the Beatitudes, Jesus said: "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." When we come to think of it, the Christian is the only peacemaker in the world. He is a peacemaker because he is in harmony with the principles of peace. He knows that there can be no substantial, abiding peace apart from God and the divine ways of doing things. Hence he has placed himself in harmony with those laws which eliminate friction and make for peace. Established in faith above the turmoil of earthly elements, he can sing with conviction and with joy:

"There comes to my heart one sweet strain,

A glad and a joyous refrain;

I'll sing it again and again,

Sweet Peace, the gift of God's love."

"He brought me to the banqueting house and his banner over me was love," wrote Solomon in prophecy. But we can also be assured that inscribed on that banner is another name, and that name is PEACE. It is a part of the secret of those who reverence the Lord and to whom He reveals His covenant.

The Lord has called His own people to peace. Nowhere in the Bible are they encouraged to be strife makers, revolutionists, or anarchists. The Psalmist says, "Great peace have they that love thy law: and nothing shall offend them." (Psa. 119:16.) And the Prophet Isaiah wrote (26:3), "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Not only do these enjoy peace themselves, but they publish peace so that others may be benefitted also. Therefore the prophet exclaimed, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith to Zion Thy God reigneth!" (Isa. 52:7.) Those who

thus publish peace can see the widespread strife and trouble that have been caused by iniquity; and so they stand forth as exponents of the great cause of peace.

In all his letters the Apostle Paul wrote of peace. All but one of them—and that has it toward the end—begin with, “Grace to you and peace from God our Father.” Exhorting the followers of Jesus, the Apostle says, “Be full of care about nothing.” Weymouth’s translation of this passage of Scripture is very beautiful. It reads as follows: “Do not be over-anxious about anything, but by prayer and earnest pleading, together with thanksgiving, let your requests be unreservedly made known in the presence of God. And then the peace of God, which transcends all our powers of thought, will be a garrison to guard your hearts and minds in unison with Christ Jesus.”

What a privilege the Christian has in thus bringing his trials and cares to the Lord. We are assured that He never turns a deaf ear to those who seek Him in earnestness and humility. What He did on the Sea of Galilee, He can do again. How easily he soothed the anxiety of the disciples with His, “Peace, be still,” which caused a great calm. Here and there amid the storm-tossed waters of human life, His voice has spoken peace to the soul. The effect is always the same. Under the magic power of that voice of truth and love, the mind and heart rise above the agitated elements of the world into the serene and glorious realm of abiding faith and trust; and the believer can say, “I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: thou, Lord, only maketh me dwell in safety.” (Psa. 4:8.)

When Jesus was about to go away from those whom He loved, he left them a priceless legacy. He might have left them money or something else; but, instead, he bequeathed to them a boon which was far above the power of anyone on earth to bestow. He said, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” (John 14:27.) What a blessed assurance this has given to God’s

people during the nineteen centuries of the Gospel age. In prison, or when wandering among the mountains, fleeing from the persecutor, or when going to death because of their faith, they have claimed this promise and it has been made good to them. It has never failed, and it is as strong and reliable today as it has been at any time in the past.

“The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace,” wrote St. James. “Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.” Peace is one of the fruits of the spirit mentioned by the Apostle Paul. It is one of the beautiful harmonies of character.

—From *The Dawn*.

UNFAILING LOVE

I read in the dear old chapters,

In times when weary grown

Of the Love that never faileth

To find and bless its own;

And sweet are the words of comfort

As through the land I go,

For what the Father has promised

He will make good I know.

No matter what ills betide us

Here in the lower land,

We may turn from the cares that vex us

And find the comforting hand.

We can lean on the Love unfailing,

Like an arm that is strong and true

And feel it is sure and steadfast

The whole long journey through.

Oh, Love so like a fountain

The summers cannot dry,

You fall on hearts grown weary

Like rain from a pitying sky;

Refreshed by the gentle shower,

All trustfully we say,

The Love that has failed us never

Will follow us all the way.

—*Selected*.

Some roses which are often on their own roots, such as the Persian Yellow, Japanese rose, Provence or Cabbage, and Damask roses, are readily propagated by digging up and planting the suckers which spring up around the parent plant.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

OFFER

The Brookline First Parish Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley St., Brookline, Mass.

APPEALS

1. Dear friends, I am taking this way to thank all of you for past favors as they sure have been a great comfort to me and my family. I am back from the hospital where I underwent an operation for appendicitis. Gangrene set in, also something was the matter with my legs. I had to stay 28 days in the hospital and have been home 26 days and am still in bed. I can only sit up a little while at a time. I would appreciate embroidery pieces, quilt scraps and True Stories after some one has read it. I will answer all who send stamps. Mrs. Baxter Neaves, Bina, N. C.

2. I want to thank all who have remembered us since mother passed away. She has been dead 10 months and I find it a great responsibility to care for my 10 brothers and sisters. I have five little sisters in school. I would appreciate quilt scraps, sewing thread or reading of

any kind. Miss Fay Barker, Grant, Va.

3. It has been some time since I have sent a letter to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. I hope that I am not forgotten. My family and I have enjoyed the nice cheery letters, magazines, and cards which we have received, and the packages of quilt scraps I have received I certainly appreciated. I hope they will continue to remember us in any little way as it means so much to us. Some quilt scraps, thread, and reading would be very much appreciated as I will be tied down at home this winter with my little ones. Mrs. Gladys Wilson, R. 1, Decatur, Tenn.

4. Mrs. J. W. Frericks, R. 7, Athens, Tenn., says that she has not heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends for quite a while. She would like some good reading for her two children, a boy age 11, and a girl, 7. She, herself, would enjoy some sewing.

5. I haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time. I would be glad to hear from some one. Quilt pieces, embroidery, thread, or magazines would be appreciated. As I live in the mountains, I can't get out very much. I have two daughters at home with me. One of my daughters had a nervous breakdown and she hasn't been able to do

much since. They love to sew, and read. We get awfully lonely. I am hoping to hear from some of you dear friends soon. Mrs. Lydia E. Farmer, R. F. D. 1, Box 50, Rugby, Va.

6. It has been some time since I last wrote or heard from any of you. I would appreciate bits of cheer very much as I am still a T. B. patient and suffer many pains. I am alone quite a bit, seldom see any one passing by. All the family are in the field trying to gather the crops. We live in a back place and comfort along any line from whoever can spare it would be very welcome. I would be glad to get patchwork pieces as I can sit and piece quilts. My little girl will be 5 years old on November 4th. We only live together seven months out of the year because of my disease. I would love something to cheer her. Ornie Tyson Davis, R. 2, Polkton, N. C.

7. I want to thank all who sent me packages while I was crippled and couldn't walk. I would like to hear from some one again as most all have stopped sending me anything. I would like quilt pieces and parts of old silk underwear and stockings for rug work. I have a little boy who is 2 years. I would be glad for something for him to play with. I hope that some one will remember me as I am lonesome without something to do in the winter time. We live on a farm. Mrs. Garfield Reid, Rocks Springs, Ark.

8. I certainly want to thank you all for the good things you have done for me and my family. I have 9 children, the oldest will soon be 19, the next is a girl 17. She is not at home as she is married. There are 8 of them at home, and 6 of them have started school. My husband is down sick with rheumatism most of the time. It certainly keeps me stirring to keep things in place. Quilt scraps, embroidery thread, and buttons are appreciated. Any good book for the children or magazines, especially Western stories, help my husband to forget the pain. Mrs. Della M. Clay, Malakoff, Texas.

9. Mrs. Icyclona Summers, R. 2, Scotland, Ark., a new member of the Ex-

change, would appreciate some quilt pieces and embroidery.

10. Mrs. Lillian Gardner, Scotland, Ark., has one child. She would appreciate any cheer of any kind. The depression hit them very hard and she can not buy reading or sewing of any kind.

DEATHS

Mrs. M. L. Butler, Richmond, Va., the correspondent of the Weston Cheerful Letter committee chairman for over thirty years, has recently passed away. Mrs. Butler was 93 years old.

Word has come to us of the death of Mrs. Maud Wright, R. 1, Peachland, N. C. We understand that she died in child-birth.

IF I AND MINE

If I and mine are safe at home,

It matters not what wolves go by,
Nor that my neighbors' children roam,

Nor that I hear them loudly cry,
Pleading for help!

If mine are safe and undefiled,

It matters not what woe betide,
Nor who beguile my neighbor's child,

Nor that by ruthless hand it died
Calling for help!

Alas! my child has *climbed the wall*,

Is out among the wolves so fierce,
(I dreamed not harm could him befall),

But now their fangs his flesh will
pierce—

O, God, send help!

Think not the Lord will spare thy child,

If thou hast seen the wolves go by,
Nor warned thy neighbor's son, beguiled
to pitfalls,

Where he sure must die
For want of help.

Or here, or there, the Lord will mete

To thee the measure of thy deeds,
Works make the prayer of faith complete,
Helping thy neighbor in his needs,
And pleasing God.

—Selected.

PENGUINS AT HOME

To me, as a naturalist, the Island of Penguins is the eighth wonder of the world. It is just a piece of rock, certainly no more than four miles square; and yet on it at certain seasons of the year are no less than 5,000,000 birds.

Although the penguin spends more than half of each year on islands, his natural element is the sea. He cannot walk with any elegance or convenience, nor can he fly; but he can swim almost as swiftly as a shark. When he is not visiting an island he lives far out at sea, somewhere in the Southern Ocean. There he seeks the fish which is his only diet—a variety of small sardine, peculiarly rich in oil. He has a special swimming costume of his own. This includes an arrangement by which a transparent film comes over his eyes the moment he goes under water, and another system to protect his ears—oil being exuded from them and turning the adjacent feathers into a water-proof covering. He is provided with a little bag in the side of his throat; when he wants to submerge he fills the bag and down he goes.

In February and again in September the birds will feel the call to mate. During the next six or eight weeks, millions of them with one accord make for the island which, although not their most natural home, is, nevertheless, their birthplace. Every patch of earthy ground, every overhanging rock is made use of. With their feet and their flippers they gradually dig a sloping tunnel, so that they have in effect an open front garden and a roofed house.

When they arrive on the beach for their spring holiday, father and mother, after a little chat with their friends, go straight to the apartments which they have occupied in previous years. But there are sons and daughters who want to set up on their own. Young Master Penguin wanders through the crowd, eyes to right and eyes to left, until he stops, puts his head a little on one side, says to himself no doubt: "Ah, that's a good-looking girl over there," and goes off, quickly but not so quickly as to look un-

dignified, in her direction.

The young thing on whom he has cast his eye discreetly preens herself and then becomes absorbed in the scenes immediately around her—taking no notice of her admirer. He walks round in a circle so that the object of his growing affection may have every opportunity of noticing. Finally, she looks up at Master Penguin, and having long ago made up her mind that he would do, she tilts her head on one side, and a few minutes later they "walk out" together to the nearest nesting ground. For several days the young swain has to show off. At last the fateful moment arrives, and the two lovers kiss. I mean that quite literally. The beaks touch, and with necks outstretched and heads well up in the air, the birds rub their beaks against each other with a clicking noise. Sometimes the husband will embrace his wife with his flippers. That is the marriage ceremony.

At first newly-married peacefulness is delightful. Mr. Penguin goes down to the sea in search of his dinner. He comes back, eager to see his wife. And there she is, with her head at the edge of the nesting hole. He tries to break into a run, nearly falls over in his eagerness, stops for a moment to think how beautiful she is, and then coming nearer, he leans down to put his head affectionately against hers. He does not confine his love-making to the time of wooing, but continues it right through his married life.

There are a great many things which we have in common with the penguins but in our lives there is no equivalent of the period devoted to moulting. A penguin has had warning of what is coming; but nevertheless he attempts to live his normal life. He goes down to the sea, rides over the first waves, goes through motions of diving. But nothing happens! He is forced to accept the fact that he has lost his power to submerge. He is buoyed up by his loose feathers which have the effect of making him float exactly like a cork. Remember that the penguin invariably catches his food under water. Until the power of diving

returns, he must endure complete starvation.

But after six or seven weeks, the penguins in a measure recover their health and find themselves resplendent in an entirely new outfit. As soon as they begin to feel perkier, they go straight down to the sea. Very likely they are still not in a sufficiently good condition to be easily able to dive, but the cure for excessive buoyancy is to take in ballast. Accordingly these birds, at the end of the moulting period, solve their difficulties by swallowing stones! As soon as they are finally satisfied that under-water swimming has again become possible, they start for the fishing grounds. There they will stay until the breeding season starts again, when each with his mate will come once more to the island.

Penguins by nature are supreme models in married life. And yet, now and then, things go wrong. For instance, at one nesting-hole, I frequently saw two birds squabbling, and I began to look for definite trouble in the family circle. Sure enough, one afternoon the storm burst. Mr. Penguin came waddling up the slope on his way back from dinner, and stopped aghast.

His wife was *not alone!*

For a minute or two he could not believe it. Then he went for the intruder, and fought him beak and flipper. After a minute the intruder side-stepped, and Mrs. Penguin found herself meeting the attack. She in turn fought gallantly, until her paramour attacked Mr. Penguin's unguarded rear. Now and again the combatants, very much disheveled, would separate for a breather; then back they would come. But as I watched, an important change took place. Mrs. Penguin was no longer definitely on the side of the despoiler of homes. She was not, for that matter, on anybody's side, and I am inclined to think that so much strenuous fighting had rendered her irresponsible. But as the afternoon waned there was no longer doubt that she had been won to her husband's side. She was fighting coolly now, placing her blows where they were most effective, always on the

less protected parts of her late lover's body. And that gentleman was showing that he had had enough—which, after six hours, was not surprising. As the day closed he failed to come back for what must have been about the 92nd round. He just slipped away, limping badly, toward the sea. When, later, I went back, Mr. and Mrs. Penguin were lying in their nests, heads against each other, all the past apparently forgiven and forgotten.

From that episode I must pass to one of tragedy. A short distance from my tent, two penguins nested under a stone roof which one day collapsed. It fell, by an evil fate, at a time when the home was occupied by one of the pair. And there I found her mangled body. I took a spade and dug a grave, wondering as I did so what the husband would think when he returned. The burial finished, I looked up and saw a penguin sitting close by, intently watching the remains of the nest and the new grave. That bereaved bird remained on the spot for the next *six* days, watching the wreck of his home and waiting, I cannot doubt, for the return of his mate. Then signs of starvation appeared and at last, at the end of the sixth day, he went slowly down to the sea. But even then hope was not dead, for two days later he reappeared and stayed beside the grave for five more days.

A type of penguin that appears to aim at making the island a brighter place is the conceited dandy who thinks that his mere presence must be a delight to all beholders. One of these creatures we christened "Priceless Percy." But although his self-satisfaction appeared to provide him with constant joy, it certainly did not give an equal amount of delight to his wife. She made no attempt to hide her boredom, lying over the eggs in her nest with her back towards her husband and his group of admiring satellites. Priceless Percy stood only a few yards from his home, exhibiting his splendor, putting his head now on one side and now on the other, throwing out his chest, waddling to and fro, turning and twisting his body into most grotesque

shapes. And all the time, on one side his faithful adherents glowed their appreciation, while on the other side his wife emphasized her contempt by refusing to take the slightest notice of him. But suddenly her self-control snapped. She got up, rushed at her husband, caught him by the neck and gave him the hiding he thoroughly deserved! The moment he got free he rushed off as hard as he could—all swank, for the time being, knocked out of him.

It is characteristic of animals that they do not like to be laughed at. I am inclined to think that penguins may be the one exception to this rule. Laugh at them—and who, after all, can help it?—and they will put their heads on one side and consider you, and will eventually appear to decide that you are honoring them: that these grimaces represent your way of showing admiration of their intelligence. After a little they will go on with whatever they may be doing, but every now and then they will look up as if to see whether you are still bestowing bouquets. I think that bouquets—or at least some signs of admiration—are deserved by penguins.—*From "The Island of Penguins" by Cherry Kearton.*

Mexico is one of the richest countries on the earth, but its people one of the poorest.

By adding artificial dyes to their food, chickens with beautifully colored plumage are being reared in England.

A WEAK SPOT?

Have you a weak spot? Are you sure that your body is sound in all its parts and that it is running smoothly? It might be expected that the average business man or woman would know as much about the state of his or her body as about business. We might expect the golf enthusiast to think as much about caring for his body as he does about looking after his golf clubs. But do these people show such solicitude? Strange to say, the answer is that, in general, they do not.

A machine is not expected to run unless given regular supervision and care. The human body, as a machine, cannot be expected to run smoothly and efficiently without regular supervision, systems do get out of order, and unless these are set right, the machine begins to wear out, gradually loses its efficiency, and finally gets beyond repair, worn out before its time due to lack of care.

The degenerative diseases of middle life which cut short so many lives or at least lessen the years of health, develop slowly. From small beginnings, there is a gradual wearing out of vital organs, not causing any noticeable change, or pain, or distress until the condition is well advanced. Because of the slow and insidious nature of these changes, they go unchecked unless they are discovered early and corrected by suitable measures.

This is the strongest argument for the periodic health examination of adults. The individual, of himself, has no way of knowing that his heart or his arteries or his kidneys are undergoing certain changes which indicate that they are wearing out prematurely. The only way in which such changes can be detected before they have advanced far enough to cause symptoms is by having the body periodically examined, at which time, the condition of the various organs is revealed when they are subjected to certain tests.

The business man has his accounts audited at regular intervals. He is not satisfied with guesses as to the state of his finances; he wants to know the actual condition of his affairs. His health is of more importance to him and his business than anything else. It would appear then to be a reasonable suggestion that men and women should, at regular intervals—say once a year—have themselves examined by their family doctor, not because they are ill, but because they want to keep well. The periodic health examination is the best means which we have at our disposal to satisfy ourselves that our bodies are being kept in good working condition.—*Health Service of Canadian Medical Association.*

THE PARABLE OF THE HOLLY-HOCKS AND THE STORM

There grow hollyhocks at the home where we abode while they made ready for us the house hard by the synagogue, for I planted them, and they will grow for many years. And now after two years, there grow hollyhocks at the house hard by the synagogue. For I planted them, and when any friend of mine did send me seed, saying, Behold, here are hollyhocks of a choice variety, then did I dig up another place for them and plant them there. And the time of blossoming drew nigh. And there came a mighty rain with a great wind, and the hollyhocks were beaten down so that they lay flat.

And I walked among them, I and Keturah, and she said, Behold, how they begin to lift themselves again.

And I said, Yea, but I fear they will not grow straight.

And Keturah put her hand under one of them, and lifted it gently, like a little child that had stumbled and fallen upon its face, and the hollyhock stood up, albeit with soiled face and fingers, and was erect. And she lifted another likewise. And she did it gently.

And she said, Behold, they desire to rise, for God made them upright. But when they get so far down, they must be helped.

And Keturah said, My lord, it is even so with folks.

And I said, Keturah, thou hast well said. It is hard enough to stand erect when one hath never fallen. And there are men and women who are down, and think they are out, but are not, who need just the little lift which thou art giving to these hollyhocks.

And Keturah said, It is a sad thing for a flower that hath the nature of a thing erect and beautiful, to be beaten down so that it lieth in the mud, and hath no comeliness or beauty; and it is only a little thing to lift it up that it may grow. Yea, and if it need a stake that it may have something to tie to, it is good use of timber.

Therefore, did I and Keturah make a covenant with each other and the Lord, that as we walk where the storms of life have beaten, we would lift up every flower of God that hath fallen across our path, and not trample upon it nor despise it, but seek to make it fit to bloom in the Garden of God.

—*From The Parables of Safed the Sage, in the Congregationalist.*

A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES (Proverbs 17:17)

There are "friends" and "friends" in this world of ours!

Some stay close beside us in sunny hours,
When our pathway lies through the land
of flowers,

And the world is friendly to us and ours.

But when comes the gloomy and cloudy
day;

When thorny the path and tiresome the
way,

And we crave of Love just a little ray—
They quietly slip from our side away!

A few draw still closer, and steadfast
stand

With hearts true and loyal to Love's com-
mand,

And with words of cheer lend a helping
hand

When our pathway lies through a dreary
land.

True friendship rejoices to prove its
worth

In times of need, as in times of mirth.

True friends are rare—their possession
gives birth

To one of the sweetest joys of earth.

Adversity tries our friends,—old and
new;

The touchstone that proves the false and
the true!

In Love's golden chain of the "special
few"

That my heart holds dear, is a link for
you!

—ELIZABETH BOURET.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LIE

BY ELLA K. JELLIFFE

Some three score years ago, there lived in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, a little girl named Nellie Church. One day she was playing with her dolls on the verandah of her home when her mother came out with bonnet and cloak on.

"Nellie," she said, "I am going out for a short time. I'd like you to stay here till I come back. If you need anything, go to the kitchen and ask Elsie."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Nellie; and kissed her mother good-bye.

Not long afterward, however, Nellie grew tired of her dolls and wondered what she could do. Suddenly, it occurred to her that she would like to go around the corner and play with her cousins, Annie and Minnie. Conscience whispered, "You promised to stay here!" but Nellie frowned and fidgeted and then, although Conscience persisted in whispering, "Your promise! Remember your promise!" she jumped up, said, "Oh, bother!" and ran off around the corner.

Annie and Minnie were delighted to see her and suggested one thing after another for them to play, but Nellie found fault with every suggestion until at length, out-spoken Minnie, tired of her cousin's crossness, exclaimed, "Then why did you come if you don't want to play anything?"

But gentle Annie said to her sister, "Hush, Minnie, hush!" and she brought out scissors and paper and began to cut out pin-wheels. This was something that Nellie was fond of doing. They often did it and each had her own special task; Annie cut the squares slantingly toward the center, Nellie folded over the points one upon the other and put a pin through them, and Minnie fastened them on slender sticks. But everything went wrong with Nellie, this time. She stuck a pin in her finger and it began to bleed; she tore one of the cut squares so that it lost one of its wings, as it were, and all the time, Conscience kept murmuring, "Your promise! Your promise!"

At last Nellie could stand it no longer and throwing down her work, she got up. "I can't stay, I can't stay!" she cried; and ran off before her cousins could ask her what was the matter. Annie and Minnie looked at each other in surprise. "Well!" Annie said, finally, "Nellie must be sick!"

But Minnie was not so lenient. "I think she's just cross," she declared.

When Nellie got back to her own home, she arranged her dolls' laces and ribbons in their separate boxes and had just finished making everything neat when her mother came hurrying in.

"I was longer than I expected," she said, smiling at Nellie, "but I see you have been a good little girl, dear, and stayed right here as you promised."

She hurried off then to see Elsie in the kitchen. Nellie's eyes filled with tears, for Conscience spoke up again the minute they were alone. "Why didn't you tell her?" Conscience demanded.

"Oh, hush up!" cried Nellie. "I didn't get a chance, that's why."

Now, Conscience is very sensitive and doesn't like to be snapped at in that way, so the little monitor kept quiet for a while but couldn't refrain altogether. Therefore, from time to time, during the remainder of the day, Nellie would hear the quiet voice saying to her, "You are acting a lie, that's just as bad as telling one." At such times Nellie would look so distressed that her mother, if she happened to be looking at her, would say, "Don't you feel well, Nellie?"

"Yes, ma'am, I feel all right," the little girl would answer, quickly, although really she kept feeling more miserable every minute. At tea-time, she was so quiet that her father thought she was tired and advised early bed-time.

After her mother had tucked her in, Nellie tossed and turned, fretted and fumed for the longest while. Then, all at once, she got up, and in her long, white night gown and bare feet, she stole quietly down stairs where her father was writing and her mother reading. They looked

up at her in great surprise.

"Why, Nellie dear," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mother," Nellie burst out; and then the words all came out in a rush. "I told a lie. At least I acted one. I let you praise me for staying on the verandah and I didn't stay all the time at all. I ran around to Annie and Minnie's. But nothing went right and I quarreled with them—with Minnie, anyhow—and so I came home."

Nellie burst into tears, and her mother took her up on her lap and held her close while she talked to her, soothingly.

"Nellie, I am sorry you disobeyed and sorry, very sorry, that you acted a lie; but I am glad you were brave enough to come and tell me about it before you slept."

"I had to, Mother, that little monitor you told me about last week, wouldn't give me any peace until I came and told."

Her mother laughed and said, "Yes, he's a persistent little fellow and he knows that people couldn't live together at all unless they could trust one another and believe what one another said. A lie is a horrid thing. It's poisonous."

"Yes," agreed Nellie, "I feel so clean, now that I've told the truth; but oh! I did feel poisoned all day. I tried not to listen to Conscience lots of times but he kept right on talking and talking to me."

"You must always be careful how you treat Conscience, Nellie, or he may get tired of reminding you of what's right. Better treat the little fellow well, for I'd hate to have you drive him away."

"Oh, so would I, Mother, he's such a good little monitor. I'm sorry I was so mean to him today. And Mother, I'm sorry I was so cross to Annie and Minnie. What shall I do about it?"

Her mother thought about that for a minute, then she said, "Let's ask them to come around tomorrow afternoon and stay to tea with us, and I'll have a whole pack of different colored papers for pin-wheels."

"Oh, goodie, goodie!" exclaimed Nellie; and then, speaking more slowly, "Will I have to tell them how naughty I was?"

"What do you think, Nellie? You'll have to make some explanation of the way you behaved, and you can't tell a lie and say you were sick, can you?"

"No, no!" cried Nellie. "I'll tell them I promised you I'd stay on the verandah but I disobeyed. I needn't tell them I acted a lie to you about it, need I?"

"I don't think you need, Nellie. That happened after you left them and it's between you and me. You won't do it again?"

"No, I will not," whispered Nellie.

Her father came then to carry her upstairs and her mother came along to tuck her in once more. Her little head had scarcely touched the pillow before she was fast asleep, at peace with the world.

THE TRUMPETER

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER

One winter morning on the windowpane
I saw Jack Frost had been at work again;
And that same morning when I went to
play

The sun had never shone a single ray!
So Mother buttoned me in lots of coats,
And helped me into heavy winter boots,
And as I stepped outside the door I knew
(For 'round the corner North Wind
loudly blew)

February, the trumpeter, had passed,
Leaving his echo in the snowy blast.
And when that night I snuggled into bed
The trumpet's blare kept ringing through
my head.

And oh, I wished so much that I might
know

If every child were sheltered from the
snow!

In foreign lands, in ships upon the sea,
Were other children safe and warm—like
me?

—*The Beacon.*

A very large part of the companionship of friends is listening to what they are saying; even more than speaking. The same thing is true in our communion with God. Prayer is one-half listening to what God desires us to do.—*Rev. Edward T. Sullivan, D.D.*

DR. FRANK CRANE LISTS AS:

The greatest sin—fear.
 The greatest deceiver—one who deceives himself.
 The most ridiculous asset—pride.
 The cheapest, stupidest, and easiest thing to do—finding fault.
 The worst bankrupt—the soul that has lost its enthusiasms.
 The poorest wretch—the one that has no dreams.
 The greatest mistake—giving up.
 The best day—today.
 The greatest play—work.
 The greatest comfort—the knowledge that you have done your work well.
 The best gift—forgiveness.
 The greatest Nation—the best Church and the finest family on earth—mine.
 The greatest thought—God.
 The greatest thing, bar none, in all the world—Love.

The greatest wild-animal hunt in the world is the annual seal hunt by Newfoundlanders. Every spring several steamers carrying large crews of "batsmen" and gunners go out into the drifting ice packs off Northern Newfoundland and Labrador. The seals are "batted" or shot for their pelts and fat. Some years as many as a quarter-million seals are killed, a hunt far exceeding in magnitude any other known to mankind.

If I knew the box where smiles are kept,

No matter how large the key,
 Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
 'T would open, I believe, for me.

Then over the land and sea broadcast
 I'd scatter the smiles to play,
 That children and grown-ups might hold
 them fast

For many and many a day.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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